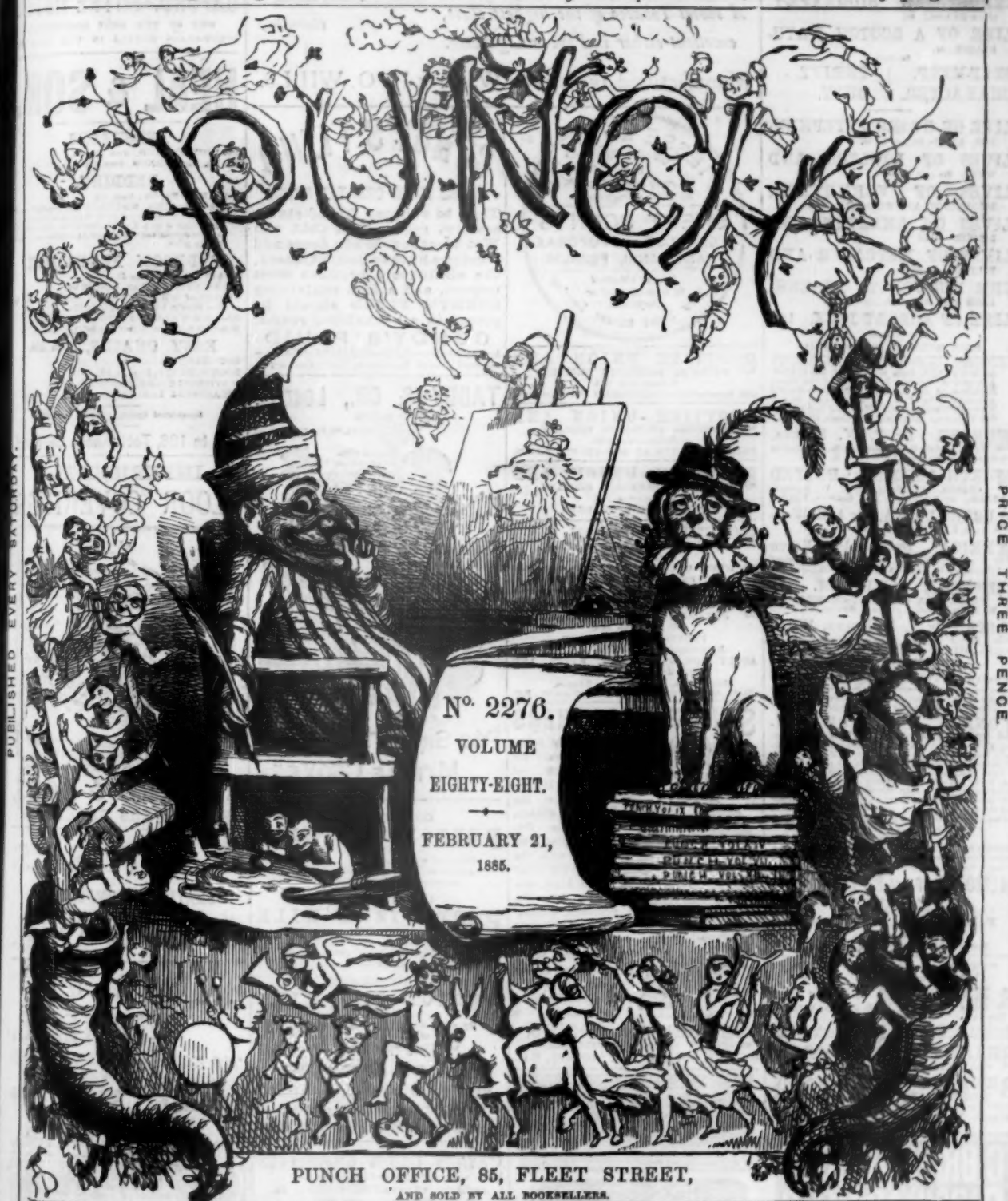


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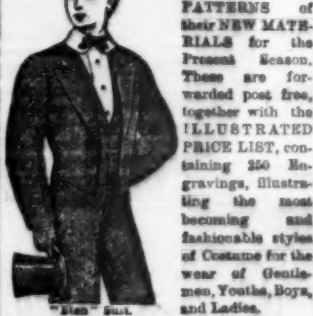
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UNIFIED AND THE LION!

(After Spenser—more or less.)



THE Lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, a potent guard
Of her per-centages; in truth, her state,
Without his guarantee, had seemed hard.
So—winking—his eye kept watch and ward,
And in her interests he was diligent;
And little plans, to save her loss, prepared,
And kept close watch upon the Frank, intent
That forfeit she should not a needless Half-per-Cent.!

THE SHRIEKING BROTHERHOOD;

Or, Just a little Overdone on both Sides.

THE SITUATION—(SELECTED EXTRACTS ON).

The *Threepenny Swashbuckler* says:—If the sound and fatherly, if not always infallible counsel that we have now persistently for the last nineteen months been again and again in the habit of hurling at the heads of the fatuous dreamers and doctrinaires to whom the destinies and the duties of the nation are entrusted, had only been received with the implicit confidence of a blind and becoming respect, there would be no occasion for us at this hour to be asking, in the stern and dignified language of baffled expectancy, "Where are we now?" Fortunately, the course that lies before the country is clearly marked out for it. No pusillanimous compromise with the necessities of the situation are conceivable. Physical experts may tell us that Nature has not provided the arid deserts of hyper-Central Africa with an adequate water-supply. Nature must correct herself. She must understand that where the interested British Bondholder is brought face to face with the impossible, it is not the interested British Bondholder that can give way. The fact that no European life can be supported during a summer campaign, with the thermometer at 150° in the shade, is not a matter of which political common-sense can take any serious account. It is purely a question for Parliament, and that Parliament will know how to deal with it promptly and vigorously cannot for a moment be doubted by any one who has watched and rightly interpreted the practical and patriotic spirit of the hour.

The *Daily Dastard* says:—To go forward at such a crisis is to incur the indelible reproach of yielding to the dictates of a moral cowardice as craven as it is expensive. What the country requires at the present moment is, not the vulgar and flaunting self-confidence to set down its foot and advance, but the supreme courage to turn tail and run away. A rash show of determination may now, even at this eleventh hour, undo the beneficent and wholesome work of months of compromise. There is only one course left for England to take. With fearless front, and head erect, proudly conscious of the fact that the eyes of nobody in particular are upon her, let her nobly and firmly scuttle out of her present difficulty as fast as her legs can carry her. That her fleeing forces are pursued by a blood-red rolling wave of chaotic rebellion is nothing to her. Her business is not with the uncertain and shifting sands of humanity, but with the firm and sure ground of self-interest. "*Retreat—and at a low figure*"—this is the glorious legend, that should inspire her policy. Such words should be written in letters of gold round the hat of every thoughtful and economical patriot in the three kingdoms.

The *Bedlam Gazette* says:—This is no season for set phrases and soft speeches. From the days of HELIOGABALUS and NERO, down to the days of the *Carmagnole* and the *Carnatic*, there have been monsters in human shape, but they have not, as far as we know, been suffered to sit on the Treasury Bench. Times are changed. Yet is there no remedy? Only folly gone crazed with precedent could answer "No." What is now unanimously required by the whole country is a lesson, and we have no hesitation in saying that the beheading without a trial of the entire Ministry on Tower Hill, would send a thrill of pleasure through the length and breadth of this great Empire, such as it has not known since the scattering of the Armada or the signing of the Magna Charta. So much for action at home. For the rest there can be no doubt as to our attitude abroad. Every European ambassador at present accredited to our Court at St. James's must be kicked from one end of Pall Mall to the other, while not less than a hundred and fifty thousand men should without an instant's delay be thrown as a preliminary step somewhere on to the Red Sea Littoral, for the purpose of seizing, fortifying, and garrisoning the Equator. When this is done, it will be time enough to talk about what we shall do next.

The *Evening Bray* says:—As we have predicted all along, and must now be evident to the most impartial observer, it is not the position of a handful of hot-headed, if valorous Englishmen in a distant land that really seriously demands the attention of a wise and well-regulated Government. The approaching Session will soon show that, though a temporary *rabies* appeared for a brief moment to have attacked the country, it still may be said in the fullest sense to possess "*mens sana in corpore sano*." Such burning questions as are embodied in the Female Proportional Representation, and the Local Warm Baths Construction and Repairs Bill are not likely to be shelved because a few alarmists imagine that the foreign occupation of Egypt, followed by the loss of India and our Colonial Empire could for a moment be regarded as a serious factor in any estimate of the future position and prosperity of the country.

THE BABY OF THE FUTURE.

Nurse.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour.
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

Baby (coldly).—

How does the little bee do this?
Why, by an impulse blind.
Cease, then, to praise good works
Of such
An automatic kind.

Nurse.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For Heaven hath made them so.
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

Baby (ironically).—

Indeed? A brutal nature, then,
Excuses brutal ways.
Unthinking girl! you little know
The problems that you raise.

Nurse (continuing).—

But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Baby (contemptuously).—

Not "made" to tear? Well, what
of that?
No more, at first, were claws.
All comes by adaptation, fool!
No need of Final Cause.
And if we use the hands to tear,
Just as the nose to smell,
Ere many ages have gone by
They'll do it very well.

Nurse.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he ran!

Baby (reproachfully).—

Come, come! Away he "ran"!
Grammar condemns what you've
just "done."

Should we not read, "The Piper's
MAN
Stole a pig, and away he 'ran'?"

Nurse.

Hush-a-by, Baby,
On the tree-top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall:
Down will come Baby,
Cradle and all.

Baby (slyly).

This, but a truth
So familiar, you see,
As hardly to need
Illustration in me.

Nurse.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are!

Baby (pityingly).—

Do you really wonder, JANE?
And to me all seems so plain!
Go downstairs, my girl, and find
Books wherewith to improve your
mind;
And if heavenly bodies then
Still remain beyond your ken,
You had better go and ask
Good Professor PARALLAX.

Nurse.

Bye, Baby-bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
All to get a rabbit's skin
To wrap the Baby-bunting in.

Baby (sternly).

The cruel sport of hunting
To moral sense is stunting;
And since Papa's objection
To useful vision
Convicts him, as it seems to me,
Of signal inconsistency,
I must with thanks decline the
skin

For wrapping Baby-bunting in.
[Puts Nurse to bed. Sees clothes.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"HOW DO YOU DO, MAJOR MORTIMER? YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME!"—"OH YES, INDEED I DO!—MRS. KENNEDY!"
 "AH, THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE YOU SEE ME WITH MR. KENNEDY!"—"OH NO, NOT AT ALL!"

VERY CIVIL LAW.

IN the Court of Appeal last week several cases in the list had to be dismissed with costs, struck out, or put the last on the paper, because the Counsel engaged in them "were actually speaking in other parts of the building." In one instance Mr. BARDSWELL, who appeared for the Respondent, saying that he "desired to assist Mr. BUCKLEY, who represented the Appellant, so far as he properly could," offered to read a will to fill up the time, while his learned friend in another place was polishing off the matter he had then in hand. The Lords Justices BAGGALLAY and BOWEN did their best to fall in with the arrangement—the latter expressing great anxiety to do "what is kind to Counsel." As no doubt other instances will occur when Counsel will be unable to be in two places at the same time, the following dramatic sketch of what should happen under such circumstances may be useful as a precedent:—

SCENE—The Court of Appeal. Present—Three Lords Justices more or less asleep. Usual Sprinkling of Bar. Empty Gallery. "Smith versus Snooks" called. Only Mr. WHIGBLOCK appears, and answers for the Respondent.

Senior Lord Justice. Dear me, and we are at the end of the paper! Who is against you, Mr. WHIGBLOCK?

Mr. Whigblock. Mr. HORATIO TWADDLE, my Lord. I believe my friend is actually at this moment speaking in another Court.

S. L. J. Do you think he will be very long?

Mr. W. (looking round, and seeing that the Reporters are "safe"). No, my Lord. I believe he is arguing a matter in which some hundred of thousands of pounds are at stake.

S. L. J. Dear me, that sounds like a lengthy proceeding.

Mr. W. (smiling). Yes, my Lord; but as I understand that my friend's brief was only delivered last night, I fancy it is one of those cases in which a Counsel goes into Court "to hear all about it."

S. L. J. Ah! I see. Just so! Well, we must fill up the time.

Mr. W. My case has some slight connection with patents. Perhaps your Lordships would be pleased to hear me upon the history of patents from the earliest period up to the present day?

S. L. J. (hurriedly). Nothing would give me more unalloyed pleasure; but I would not trouble you for worlds.

Second and Third L. J. (in a breath). We heartily concur.

Mr. W. (hurt). I have nothing more to say. (Sulks.)

S. L. J. Come, come, Mr. WHIGBLOCK, surely we can fill up the time in some other manner. Is Mr. BRIEFLESS with you in this case? (The rising young Junior of fifty blushes, and smilingly bows.) If I remember rightly, I fancy Mr. BRIEFLESS, at the Circuit-Mess, years ago, you used to have something to tell us about "the Three Jolly Post-boys of Tooting Common." (Laughter.) Perhaps Mr. BRIEFLESS will once more repeat his recollections of those excellent and eminent persons. (Renewed laughter.)

(Old-fashioned Comic Song—Mr. BRIEFLESS.)

Mr. W. (annoyed at being cut out by his Junior). I had no idea your Lordships would accept such evidence.

S. L. J. We must give ourselves a little latitude, so as to do all that we can to be kind to Counsel. But we shall be glad to hear you on any matter, Mr. WHIGBLOCK, that you think will interest us.

Mr. W. (with some diffidence). May it please your Lordships, I have had some experience in Amateur Conjuring, and during the song of my friend, who is associated with me in this case, I have sent for some of my best tricks. (Taking purple bag from his Clerk's hand.) They are here.

S. L. J. We shall be delighted to see them.

Second and Third L. J. (in a breath). We heartily concur.

(Grand Conjuring Entertainment—Mr. WHIGBLOCK—including "The Magic Brief," "The Peculiar Bands," "The Invisible Six-and-Eightpence," and "The Inexhaustible Retainer.")

Mr. Horatio Twaddle (who has been heartily applauding his Opponent's performances, rising at the end of the Programme.) I appear, my Lords, for the Appellant in "Smith v. Snooks."

S. L. J. Oh, very well—then we will take the case.

[The matter is argued. Curtain.]

"REQUIRES CONFIRMATION."—Send for a Bishop.



KITH AND KIN.

Canada (to Britannia). "IF I CAN BE OF ANY ASSISTANCE, COMMAND ME." (And so say Victoria and New South Wales.)

A STRANGE COMBINATION.

THE following Advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph*, strikes us as a novelty:—

TO TAILORS.—A Solicitor of experience wishes to undertake legal business as an equivalent for his tailoring. Address, &c.

One would like very much to know how the accounts between the Solicitor and the Tailor would be arranged. How many dress-suits would go to a lawsuit, and whether the Solicitor would charge the Tailor six-and-eightpence when he came to fit on a new coat. And if, when the Solicitor called to look at trouser-patterns, such an interview would be charged as a "consultation" in the bill? Another odd

thing strikes us, the Advertiser wishes to undertake legal business "as an equivalent for his tailoring." As a Solicitor, he can "solicit" orders; as a Tailor, he can execute them. And then he would not only send you in bills, but he would sue you promptly if you did not pay them, and charge you for the letters he wrote on the subject. The combination of the two callings strikes us as being dreadful.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.—The present period has been denominated an age of Discovery. Our learned ones discover traces of prehistoric Man, track the Trilobite, and detect the Protoplasm. But somehow we don't seem to discover the Dynastitards, and the deposits of Dynamite. Not much, but better than nothing at all.



UNIVERSITY REFORM.

Oxford Perruquier (to Tutor of Boniface). "DON'T YOU THINK, SIR, IT'S AN EXCELLENT THING THAT THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN CAN PASS THEIR LITTLE GO, NOW, WHEN FIRST THEY COME UP! WHEN IT WAS AT THE END OF THE OCTOBER TERM, WE USED TO FIND IT HINDERED SO BADLY WITH THEIR PRIVATE THEATRICALS!"

MAKING QUITE SURE OF THEM.

THE excellent precautionary New Rules drawn up by the SPEAKER for the admission of Strangers to the House of Commons have been further supplemented by the following brief Code, regulating

THE ENTRANCE OF MEMBERS.

1. The custom that has hitherto obtained of Members entering the House by the ordinary approaches is, owing to the blocking-up of all the doors by concrete, temporarily suspended.
2. Members anxious, nevertheless, to take their seats, will, after passing a medical examination, finding bail for themselves to the extent of £7000, insuring their lives, and producing their certificates of baptism, together with written testimonials from not less than five highly respectable and well-known Peers, be let down by a rope through the roof by the Serjeant-at-Arms, assisted by a certified Usher and a Policeman in plain clothes.
3. Tea, cold meat, cigars, snuff, oranges, and soda water, will lie permanently on the table of the House, and be obtainable by Members on payment of a small charge, accompanied with substantial references from a Bank Director to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.
4. The Ladies' Gallery will be iron-cased and hermetically sealed, and contain only one Reporter, who will be fed from time to time by food thrust on hop-poles from the top of the Speaker's Chair through the grating. On his showing the slightest signs of "going off," the House will adjourn as speedily as possible.
5. On an Adjournment being declared, Members desirous of getting out of the House rapidly, will, if not expert climbers, manage it as best they can.

A BLUNT PROPOSAL.—If Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet had only listened to Mr. WILFRID BLUNT's propositions,—at least, so says the latter,—our Soudanese difficulties would have come to an end long ago. But now we shall have to pay heavily for the war, and this in consequence of the Cabinet still sticking to the cry of "Down with 'the blunt'!"

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

"NEAR NEIGHBOURS."

THE home-life of the Dutch,
 Sketched with eloquent touch,
 Forms the scene of Miss PEARD's latest labours:
 And the story is such
 That you'll find there is much
 To like in her pleasant *Near Neighbours!*

"CREATURES OF CLAY."

LADY VIOLET GREVILLE has writ, by the way,
 A tale that perusal will amply repay.
 E'en critical carpers won't dare to gainsay,
 There's plenty of life in her *Creatures of Clay!*

"FOUND OUT."

MISS MATHERS you'll find quite at home in *Found Out*.
 You'll wonder, perchance, what the story's about?
 Close-packed in one volume—'tis better than three—
 Well concealed to the close, is a weird mysteree!
 You quickly will learn, if you read, without doubt,
 And soon will find out, when you've finished *Found Out!*

"SALLY."

AIR—"Sally in Our Alley."

A NOVEL that you ought to read—
 With fun and pathos blended—
 Its plot is very good indeed,
 And bound to be commended:
 And o'er its leaves no doubt you will
 Most dearly love to dally;
 'Tis smartly written by JOHN HILL,
 And is entitled *Sally!*

PRO BONO PUBLICO.—IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE Directors of the Metropolitan Extension Dissension Railway Company beg to announce that, with a view to

PLEASING THE INHABITANTS OF LONDON,

they have made arrangements to introduce several important improvements. Feeling that a shelter is required in Charing Cross, they have determined to erect

ORNAMENTAL GAS-WORKS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, which will not only be beautiful but useful. As a subway between the Exhibition Building at South Kensington and Hyde Park may at some future date become necessary, they have decided instantly to construct

A PERMANENT BARRIER ACROSS PICCADILLY,

which will entirely divert the very considerable traffic in this thoroughfare into other channels. Further, as water may some day become scarce for the use of the Company's locomotives, the Directors, with a view to suiting the convenience of the Public, have decided upon immediately

DRYING UP THE SERPENTINE

and the Artificial Lake in the St. James's Park. As the Government have refused to permit windows to be made in the tunnels, in such a way as to afford a good view of the private apartments in Buckingham Palace, the Directors have determined upon the

REMOVAL OF ALL LAMP-POSTS IN GROSVENOR PLACE,

which action should be considered as a great convenience, except at night or in foggy weather. Other improvements are in contemplation.

NEW NOVEL.—*Diana of the Crossways*, by GEORGE MEREDITH. Is this the story of an ill-tempered young person? "Better read it, and see," is the Publisher's evident answer.

QUESTION FOR BELLIGERENTS.—When a "peace is concluded," does war commence immediately?

A CONTEMPLATED CHALLENGE.—Calling out the Militia and the Volunteers.

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THE LAST RALLY.

THE trumpet sound! Bid the shrill blast
Blare forth the Rally! 'Tis the last
On this well-stricken field!
For sullenly comes down the night
On battered helms, on failing fight.
But still some remnants of their might
Make muster, though in piteous plight,
Not brokenly to rush on flight,
Nor cravenly to yield.
Once more the tattered banner lift!
With many a rag and many a rift;
Like an old raven's wing
Slowly it flaps the leaden air;
And many a Knight is gathered there
Round their old Chief, to do or dare,
In closely serried ring.
That Chief sits high, his look is stern,
Beneath knit brows his glances burn,
But wan his face, and worn.
Full wearily for many an hour,
Against ill-fortune, foeman dour,
He field has held; now fate-clouds lour
Above that band forlorn.
The fight aforeside seemed to go
Not hopelessly—the baffled foe
Shooked, shivered, seemed to fly;
And triumph with familiar glow
Fired the old Chieftain's eye.

But laggard charge and faltering front
Betrayed him; some who battle's brunt
Should manfully have met,
Paused here, broke there, and he it seemed
Doubted o'er long or blindly dreamed,
Whilst o'er the ill-set battle streamed
The day's broad light-flood yet.
And now the night, like Fate's black wing,
Sweeps o'er the field, Egyptian thing
That dims and darkens all!
Back driven o'er that crawling flood,
Whose shadowy dusk is dashed with blood,
Slow, shakely they fall.
Time only for one last stern stand,
With dinted helm and battered brand!
So as they scramble to the land
Ere utter darkness reign,
One rally of that stricken band
Shall end the long campaign.
Blow, Trumpeter, a blast of might!
Fierce in the face of following night
One last defiance fling!
And gather, gather, henchmen stout,
With grim-set teeth that cheek the shout
Your oft-victorious Chief about
In stern and steely ring;
"Stand, HARTINGTON, unshaken stand,
Clenched hands on your big battle-brand,
And, gravely, grimly loyal, gaze
Far forth into the thickening haze
Through which the foemen loom!

Close, stalwart HARCOURT, high of helm,
Cool SPENCER, whom no cares can whelm,
Brave Squire TREVELYAN, quick to set
Buckler or blade or burghonet
Or knight to play, or groom!
Brace you, soft NORTHBROOK, for the
shock,
CHILDERS, whate'er the wallet's stock
Stand, eye like fire and foot like rock!
Buckle you, gallant DILKE!
And GRANVILLE, keen yet something slow,
Close up, close up, we wait the foe!
This is the hour for swashing blow,
For steel, and not for silk.
Out from the reeds! let not your feet
There tangled stay, the foe is fleet.
Up DERRY, man! Good luck!
That laggard pace, that fumbling clutch
Anger true warrior overmuch.
Say, doth it irk thee, the cold touch
Of armour on thy back?
Like BARBAROSSA thou wilt sink
Mailed, in mid-stream. Scramble and
shrink
No longer, halting knight!
Up! Up! Egyptian darkness now
Steals over all. Blow, bugler, blow!
Ere AJAX-doom be ours, I trow,
With serried front, with dauntless brow,
Foot on firm earth, face to the slough,
Once more we'll brave the fight!"

"POUR SE DISTRAIRE."

WHILE we were pathetically sympathising with the Grand, but unfortunate Old Man, and humming to a Gilbert-and-Sullivan strain our opinion that—

When "Parliamentary" duty's to be done, to be done,
Then "a PREMIER's" lot is not a happy one, happy one!

and while on Tuesday evening we were picturing to ourselves "the Gladstonian heart bowed down by weight of woe" over Egyptian



"All work and no Play!" Oh dear no!

intelligence (or the want of it) in a brown study at Downing Street, or the Gladstonian head bowed down over the open page of HOMER, tearfully reading how "countless woes" fell on the Greeks, and how "the souls of many heroes were hurled down to Hades," our philosophic Leader of Men, so the papers next day informed us, was enjoying the performance of Mr. JUSTIN MACARTHY's sprightly version of *Le D^up^uté de Bombignac* at the Criterion; and on the following night, Wednesday, the stolid Marquis of HARTINGTON sat in the Stalls of the

the brilliant wit of

Prime's "taking in through the pores" the immortal *School for Scandal*.

Once, perhaps, in the evening, the thought of the necessity for employing Indian Troops, the chances of "getting ourselves disliked" by his Chief's Italian proclivities, and of the probability of being obliged to call in the assistance of the Unspeakable Turk, might have occurred to the noble Lord's mind; and when he heard Joseph—not CHAMBERLAIN—but *Surface* exclaim, "A curious dilemma, truly, my politics have run me into!" it is conceivable that he might have longed to have had the PREMIER by his side just to have pointed the application with a quiet nudge. Perhaps other Members of the Cabinet were equally enjoying themselves elsewhere. Regardless of their doom the little victims go to the play. Was Lord GRANVILLE at the Holborn listening to the thrilling chorus of "What Cheer 'Ria," as artistically given by Miss BESSIE BELLWOOD? Was Sir CHARLES DILKE looking after his constituents in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, and joining "heart and voice" in Miss RICHARDS's refrain of the American song "Hanging on a Christmas Tree?" And then the Cabinet Council on Wednesday came as quite a little surprise for them! *Amusez-vous, mes enfants!* "It's a poor heart that never rejoices!"

SCUTTLE V. GRAB.

A Chronicle of the (Probable) Future.

A.D. 1890. Grab Party in power. Forward policy everywhere. Annexation all round. Fifty Millions spent upon Army and Fleet. National Society for the Seizure of Everything holds its first meeting at St. James's Hall. Resolution moved that "the whole of the world, land and water, at present unoccupied by Civilised Powers belongs of right to England." Carried unanimously. Scheme formulated for rectifying Scientific Frontier of whole of British possessions. Is found to involve seizure of sixteen islands, conquest of five native races, absorption of fifty thousand square miles of—useless—new territory, seven small wars, two large ones, four massacres, and an Income-tax of five shillings in the pound. JOHN BULL rebels, and turns out Grab Party.

A.D. 1895. Scuttle Party comes in with big majority and bigger promises. Finishes off all wars by caving in all round, retiring everywhere and relinquishing everything. Cuts down Army, and resolves to sell half the Ironclad Fleet as old metal. Power which buys it immediately utilises it against us. Another Fleet has to be ordered at once at fancy prices in response to Press clamour. Scuttle Party, in left stick, halts between two opinions; in pursuit of peace is found fighting all over the world, and after frantic efforts at economy, runs up Income-tax to six shillings in the pound. JOHN BULL turns out Scuttle Party.

A.D. 2000. Grab Party comes in, grabbier than ever. Decides that the only true Scientific Frontier is a circle, that of the whole globe to wit. Endeavours to "square" that circle. Other Powers won't "come round" to this view at all. Army raised to a million men, conscription established, "Standard" of British Navy decided to be one ship for every twenty miles of the earth's surface. Press applauds this idea, so do shipbuilders and engineers. Chancellor of Exchequer resigns, and retires to Colney Hatch. Editor of *Jingo Gazette* appointed in his place. Other Journals immediately "round on" him, and oppose Grab Government. Scuttle Party revive, and stump the country. All members of Government, except Chancellor of Exchequer, resign. He raises Income-tax to twenty shillings in the pound, and declares war with everybody. Is forcibly invested with the Order of the Straight Jacket, just as five foreign Fleets and six European Armies are on the point of starting to attack us.

A.D. 2005. Scuttle Party resumes Office. Makes terms with foreign Armies and Fleets by promising to cut our Army down to a few sentries and guards of honour, and our Navy to two armour-clads, without guns, and a four-knot unarmed Cruiser. Gives up India to Russia, Africa to Germany, puts up garrisoned fortresses and coaling stations at Dutch auction, and lets Colonies run loose. Conference held at Berlin as to what shall be done with England. Turkey offers to take it under her protection, for a consideration. Powers cannot agree on question, and Heligoland is about to annex it, when English rise, under a popular Soap-boiler, seize leaders of Grab and Scuttle Parties, shave their heads, and make waiters of them, banish both words from political dictionary and make a fresh start.



DEPRECIATIVE.

Defendant (on Bail). "I'M MY COUNSELLOR! THEN BLOWED IF I DON'T CONDUCT MY OWN CASE IN PUSSEY!"

MR. PUNCH ON THE PINCH.

(Oh! don't we (now) know the Middleman?)

MR. PUNCH on more than one occasion has called attention, pictorially and poetically, to the prejudicial influence upon commercial prosperity of that "Incubus of Trade," the "Middleman." "Middleman!" cry the quidnuncs, "who's he?" Some seem even inclined to go to *Betsy Prig's* extremes of tart negation, and say they "don't believe there's no such person." Isn't there? Let the sceptics listen to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 6th of February:—

"Just now, when most houses are feeling the pinch of the times, the Middleman is the object of general execration. Indeed, the *British Trade Journal* goes so far as to assert that if this parasite were eliminated, we should hear very little more of trade depression. Germany and America are said to be beating us in a great many markets because they are shutting out the Middlemen. Then why do our own manufacturers tolerate and even connive at the artificial, not to say fraudulent, price which he puts upon every article which is supplied to his order? The establishment of honest direct relations between manufacturer and consumer is the only cure for an evil which must be grappled with sooner or later. If the producers will not move in the matter, they deserve to suffer. A table showing the manufacturer's price and the price paid by the consumer in leading articles, would not only be interesting, but would facilitate the removal of the Middleman. The public can have little idea of the extent of his impositions. The *British Trade Journal* mentions one case in which a manufacturer was asked to pay nearly double the price of an article on his invoice."

How now, incredulity? There is a Middleman, who does not produce, who often does not even convey, who sometimes is at scarcely any expense himself, save for a small office, and some postage stamps, yet who intervenes superfluously between producer and vendor, artificially raises prices in his own interest, manipulates orders, and cooks invoices, and pockets, for doing nothing but a little adroit jockeying, a far larger per-centage of profit than either the Manufacturer, who produces, or the Vendor, who distributes. Why? That is precisely the question which requires answering. "Why," asks the *P. M. G.*, most pertinently, "do our own Manufacturers tolerate, and even connive at," this state of things? Well, there be wheels within wheels, and selfish power, once

craftily usurped, however manifestly mischievous, and obviously irrational, is not easily shaken off by slaves of routine, and thralls of "the custom of the Trade." If it were, many things—say butchers' meat and felt hats, for example—might be indefinitely cheaper to the thousands of high-rented, heavily-taxed victims of "Trade depression."

Of course there are Middlemen and Middlemen. Against the honest, useful Middleman, who, in the distribution of "goods" performs a needed service, and takes but a fair reward, there is nothing to be said. But the Middleman—and he abounds—who is purely a parasite (we thank thee, *P. M. G.*, for teaching us that word!), by the artful aid of "artificial" and "fraudulent" prices, sucking the life of Trade by depleting the purses both of manufacturer, retailer, and purchaser, *he*, as was once said of another, and more dignified institution, is "useless, mischievous, and ought to be abolished." His removal is the business and interest of all honest men, and fair traders. Germany and America, it would appear, have the start of us in attempting that removal. If the Comparative Table, which the *P. M. G.* suggests could be plainly put before the public here, *Mr. Punch* opines that the days of the Parasite would be about numbered. Speak up, long silent victims of his merciless sucking! *Mr. Punch* has ears to hear, and, at a pinch, a *bâton* to apply.

SEASONABLE.—"Missions" are all the craze now in the fashionable world. Excellent preparation for the Lenten entertainments. Not to be behindhand, we suggest a few Missions: *e.g.*, Mission for Theatres,—Ad-mission. Mission for Army,—Com-mission. Debtors' Mission,—Owe-mission. Mission for all those who require it,—Per-mission. Mission for bad Domestic Servants,—De-mission. Mission for Eton boys about to be "swished," and pleading "first fault,"—Re-mission. And, finally, Mission for Wives (according to *Husbands' view, or vice versa*),—Sub-mission.

"THE UNEMPLOYED."—The groups who, between twelve and one o'clock on Sundays, stand about Public-houses with their hands in their pockets, waiting till the doors open.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT

House of Commons, Wednesday, February 18th.—Getting ready for opening of the Session. Ruling pages of Diary. Hear Session will be unruly, so mean to be on safe side with the Diary. Happy thought, to open the Session in February—as a rule, only twenty-eight days. Both Houses meet to-morrow. Storm-signal up. Following cable message received at mid-night:—

"Severe storm now central in Conservative ranks, with strong oratorical gales and high progressive velocity. It will probably be felt on Treasury Bench on the 19th and 20th."

"Rather a bad look-out, Captain," I said to GLADSTONE, gravely.

"Think so, Tony?" he said. Then he added, with something of his regular Elder-Brother-of-Trinity-House cheeriness, "Been in so many storms, and come out rather better than I went in, that I daresay we'll manage to weather this."

Hans Fisher

WORTH V. ART.

If it be true, as is sometimes suggested nowadays, that domestic virtue and the blamelessness of private life are to be accepted by the playgoing public as substitutes for histrionic talent, then it will



Artistic Merit v. Genuine Worth: or, The Discovery in Screen Scene at the Prince's.

cruelly surprise Mrs. LANGTRY to find herself unable to achieve dramatic success in London by relying solely on "The conscience of her 'Worth,'"—and what her WORTH will have the conscience to charge for those dresses—well, that's no affair of ours, only that, to our thinking, there is not a really becoming one among the lot; and, when her classic head is weighted by a Pelion of hat and feathers on an Ossa of powdered wig, the full-blown Jersey Lily, of PEARL'S Soap fame, appears at her very worst. We sum up in playbill form:—

Sir Peter Teazle . . . (excellently played by) . . . Mr. W. FARREN.
 Sir Oliver Surface (well, but *unequally* played by) . . . Mr. F. EVERILL.
 Sir Benjamin Backbite ("Maccaroni" style per-
 feet. Made up too much like an old French } Mr. LIN RAYNE.
 Clown by)
 Joseph Surface (well-intentioned, but feebly } Mr. BEERBOHM TREE.
 executed by)
 Charles Surface (occasionally admirable; but } Mr. C. F. COGHILAN.
 on the whole too heavily played by).
 Moses (make-up most characteristic; dress by } Mr. E. D. LYONS.
 Nathan, who must have taken a pride in it.
 Rather an underdone Jew, but "played for }
 safety" by)
 Maria (about as good as they usually make } Miss EVA SOTHERN.
 Marias)
 Mrs. Candour (conventionally played by) . . . Mrs. ARTHUR STIRLING.
 Lady Sneerwell . . . (wildly played by) . . . Miss KATE PATTERSON.
 AND
 Lady Teazle's Costumes . . . (worn by) . . . Mrs. LANGTRY.

Mrs. LANGTRY'S Lady Teazle can be summed up epigrammatically, as "Frocks et prateres nihil."

It is only a step to turn from Worth to *The Milliner's Bill*, which



As We Like It. The Wood Scene at the Court Theatre.

still holds its place at the Court Theatre, thanks to the talent and

singing of Mrs. JOHN WOOD, and Mr. ARTHUR CECIL's delightful piano-playing and character-acting. It recalls the good old times of the Gallery of Illustration, when Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED and the inimitable JOHN PARRY used to delight us. Mr. ARTHUR CECIL first appears at the piano as JOHN PARRY, and then comes on, just exactly as Mr. GERMAN REED would have done, disguised as a "man in possession." Such a man in possession! and such a simple disguise as would not deceive the most frightened and confiding child! He makes his exit as a youngish gentleman in evening dress, and returns in a wrapper, an old hat, a wig, and an ulster which distinctly shows his "superfine cloth" evening trousers, and his spotless patent leathers; and then the man in possession's hands are white and chubby, and might have been at once recognised by anyone less sharp than Mrs. JOHN WOOD, who knows her business far too well for any such mistake as that to be possible.

The Crisis, originally produced at the Haymarket, is to be revived here under the name of *The Denhams*, unless the title is again changed before this appears. But why not keep it as *The Crisis*? If Messrs. CLAYTON and CECIL were going to revive *Hamlet*, would they call it *The Danish Family*?

UNDER FIRE!

A New Song to an Old Tune.

Oh, here is a feat Britons proudly may ponder,
 By Lord CHARLEY BERESFORD, late of the *Condor*,
 Who at Alexandria waked all our wonder.
 Which nobody can deny!

He knew Sir CHARLES WILSON, by treachery sold,
 Was left with his handfoul an island to hold,
 So he set out to rescue him, ready and bold.
 Which nobody can deny!

Five days they had waited, had watched day and night,
 When Lord CHARLEY's steamer hove clearly in sight,
 And the vision they hailed with a shout of delight.
 Which nobody can deny!

But puff! what is that? A dense volume of steam
 Bursts forth from the boat beating bravely up stream,
 And the sight seems a damper on hope's rising gleam.
 Which nobody can deny!

So friends on the island, so foes on the shore,
 C-o-n-f-u-s-e, and the Arabs respond with a roar,
 And Sir CHARLES and his men think the game is all o'er,
 Which nobody can deny!

But no, not a bit of it! True they are stuck
 Mid-stream, for a round-shot their bul'war has struck,
 And knocked a big hole in her; bit of bad luck,
 Which nobody can deny!

But Lord CHARLES and his crew are defiant of fear,
 They have coolness and pluck and a brave engineer;
 So they set to work promptly to patch and to clear.
 Which nobody can deny!

Then they anchor all night, and at dawn they slip out,
 To the angry surprise of the Arabs about,
 Running safely the gauntlet of shot and of shout,
 Which nobody can deny!

Sir CHARLES WILSON's party they pick up, and go
 Safe off to Gubat in despite of the foe.
 Such a dead of sheer pluck sets all bottoms aglow.
 Which nobody can deny!

So here's to Lord CHARLES in a bumper, and here
 Is the health of his crew in a thunderous cheer,
 With one special shout more for that brave engineer.
 Which nobody will deny!

ANOTHER ASPECT.—There is a good deal of talk just now about "A Teaching University of London." It would be much more to the purpose if we could be assured of possessing at least one *Learning* University. The average well-educated young man has been to public school and College, and has had plenty of *teaching*; but, as to his learning, that's quite another affair,—but it's the important point, to quote Mr. GOSCHEN, "after all."

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A fascinating Liquor of high quality. Wholesome and stimulating to the appetite.

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GINGER ALE.

Prepared with pure Jamaica Ginger. A delicious beverage, for all Seasons and Climates.

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THE ONLY PALATABLE NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR STOMACH, LIVER, AND KIDNEY AFFECTIONS.

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